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DUBLIN AND KINGSTOWN RAILWAY.

Mr. Lardner, in his Lectures on the Steam Engine, has the following passage, p. 195, fourth edition. Speaking of the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad, he says, "I cannot conclude my observations on this great national undertaking, without expressing my regret that the directors have not thrown its advantages more open to the population among whom it has sprung up. No visitor can examine the details of the works without being struck with the circumstance, that the bulk of the persons engaged upon them, in almost every capacity, are strangers to the soil and to the surrounding population, and appear to be brought from another part of the kingdom to reap benefits to which the local population have a moral right—a right which, I am persuaded, the body of directors and proprietors would, if consulted individually, have respected."

It is only necessary to draw attention to these observations, as the opinion expressed in the conclusion is, we are satisfied, fully applicable to the gentlemen connected with the Dublin and Kingstown Railroad. The moral right of our local population should be the more regarded, as it is one of the poorer classes, and that to a large extent, which will be thrown out of the regular line of employment, and forced to seek some other road for its industry. It is easy to tell such that every progression in machinery is a national advantage, and though individuals suffer, the general good is promoted—though labour is diminished in one way, it is greatly increased in others. The Manchester railroad interfered with, and quickly did away, the numerous coach-owners, with their train of drivers, guards, hostlers, &c. on that road—yet what are some of its results with respect to labour?—the communication being so easy, the number of passengers, as well as the quantity of goods, has greatly increased, and is daily increasing; hence porters, omnibuses, waggons, &c., in all parts, not only of Liverpool and Manchester, but of the intermediate towns, &c. The men engaged on the road itself amount to seven or eight hundred, while from the quickness of conveyance to the best markets, numbers of vegetable gardens, dairies, &c., have sprung up along the line. We say nothing of our Irish produce; any thing which carries it quicker from its own country may be objected against—yet it is something for a cattle jobber, as I knew of one lately, to offer a beast in the Liverpool market for twenty pounds in the morning, and three or four hours after sell him in Manchester for twenty guineas. It would occupy too much space, otherwise the cotton manufacture presents the most striking results; every improvement in the machinery tended to diminish the immediate manual labour; one after the other the old descriptions of workmen were superseded, yet, owing to the cheapness of production, the increase of consumption, and the extension of commerce, indirect labour has been multiplied beyond estimation. Somebody says, and says truly, that Cæsar, when Emperor of Rome, had neither a clean shirt to his back, nor glass in his windows—the peasant of England has both—such are the results of her machinery. Fifty years ago a gentleman, from the time he left the nursery, wore a wig, rising through all the degrees from bob to full bottom—the very children strutted about in the grandsire's old ones, cut down by the village Bassegio from seventy-fours to frigates. In the march of improvement of that day, it would have been just as rational for the wig-makers to have petitioned parliament to compel gentlemen to wear wigs for ever, as in the present day to prevent the use of machinery; yet the wigmakers might cry out, "Othello's occupation's gone." However, people set their sons now to something better than stitching hairs together, and gentlemen's heads look all the neater into the bargain. It is easy to offer such arguments to the people, but examples are better than arguments, and the employment of the local population will go farther to remove any ill feeling towards the railroad, and will lessen the poverty which must for a while result from many individuals being thrown out of their occupation, and which makes it an act of injustice to introduce strangers. I am acquainted with the neighbourhood, and am sorry to see strangers already employed; it is not too late to remedy this in a great degree, and some observations to the purport might be beneficial.

G.

FAIRIES OR NO FAIRIES.

Continued from our Notice of Crofton Croker's Fairy Legends.

John Mulligan was as fine an old fellow as ever threw a Carlow spur into the sides of a horse. He was, besides, as jolly a boon companion over a jug of punch as you would meet from Carnsore Point to Bloody Farland. And a good horse he used to ride; and a stiffer jug of punch than his was not in nineteen baronies. May be he stuck more to it than he ought to have done—but that is nothing whatever to the story I am going to tell.

John believed devoutly in fairies; and an angry man was he if you doubted them. He had more fairy stories than would make, if properly printed in a rivulet of print running down a meadow of margin, two thick quartos for Mr. Murray, of Albemarle-street; all of which he used to tell on all occasions that he could find listeners. Many believed his stories—many more did not believe them—but nobody, in process of time, used to contradict the old gentleman, for it was a pity to vex him. But he had a couple of young neighbours who were just come down from their first vacation in Trinity College, to spend the summer months with an uncle of theirs, Mr. Whaley, an old Cromwellian, who lived at Ballybegmullinahone, and they were too full of logic to let the old man have his own way undisputed.

Every story he told they laughed at, and said that it was impossible—that it was merely old woman's gabble, and other such things. When he would insist that all his stories were derived from the most credible sources—nay, that some of them had been told him by his own grandmother, a very respectable old lady, but slightly affected in her faculties, as things that came under her own knowledge—they cut the matter short by declaring that she was in her dotage, and at the best of times had a strong propensity to pulling a long bow.

"But," said they, "Jack Mulligan, did you ever see a fairy yourself?"

"Never" was the reply. "Never, as I am a man of honour and credit."

"Well, then," they answered, "until you do, do not be bothering us with any more tales of my grandmother."

Jack was particularly nettled at this, and took up the cudgels for his grandmother; but the youngers were too sharp for him, and finally he got into a passion, as people generally do who have the worst of an argument. This evening—it was at their uncle's, an old croney of his with whom he had dined—he had taken a large portion of his usual beverage, and was quite riotous. He at last got up in a passion, ordered his horse, and, in spite of his host's entreaties, galloped off, although he had intended to have slept there, declaring that he would not have any thing more to do with a pair of jackanapes puppies, who, because they had learned how to read good-for-nothing books in cramp writing, and were taught by a parcel of wiggly, red-snouted, prating prigs, ("not," added he, "however, that I say a man may not be a good man and have a red nose,") they imagined they knew more than a man who had held buckle and tongue together facing the wind of the world for five dozen years.

Herode off in a fret, and galloped as hard as his horse Shaun-buie could powder away over the limestone. "Sure enough," hiccuped he, "the brats had me in one thing—I never did see a fairy; and I would give up as good five acres as ever grew apple-potatoes to get a glimpse of one—and, by the powers! what is that?"

He looked, and saw a gallant spectacle. His road lay by a noble demesne, gracefully sprinkled with trees, not thickly planted as in a dark forest, but disposed, now in clumps of five or six, now standing singly, towering over the plain of verdure around them, as a beautiful promontory arising out of the sea. He had come right opposite the glory of the wood. It was an oak, which in the oldest title-deeds of the county, and they were at least five hundred years old, was called the old oak of Ballinghassig. Age had hollowed its centre, but its massy boughs still waved with their dark serrated foliage. The moon was shining on it bright. If I were a poet, like Mr. Wordsworth, I should tell you how the beautiful light was broken into a thousand different fragments—and how it filled the entire tree with a glorious flood, bathing every particular leaf, and showing forth every particular bough;

but, as I am not a poet, I shall go on with my story. By this light Jack saw a brilliant company of lovely little forms dancing under the oak with an unsteady and rolling motion. The company was large. Some spread out far beyond the farthest boundary of the shadow of the oak's branches—some were seen glancing through the flashes of light shining through its leaves—some were barely visible, nestling under the trunk—some no doubt were entirely concealed from his eyes. Never did man see any thing more beautiful. They were not three inches in height, but they were white as the driven snow, and beyond number numberless. Jack threw the bridle over his horse's neck, and drew up to the low wall which bounded the demesne, and leaning over it, surveyed, with infinite delight, their diversified gambols. By looking long at them, he soon saw objects which had not struck him at first; in particular that in the middle was a chief of superior stature, round whom the group appeared to move. He gazed so long that he was quite overcome with joy, and could not help shouting out, "Bravo! little fellow," said he, "well kicked and strong." But the instant he uttered the words the night was darkened, and the fairies vanished with the speed of lightning.

"I wish," said Jack, "I had held my tongue; but no matter now. I shall just turn bridle about, and go back to Ballybegmullinahone Castle, and beat the young Master Whaleys, fine reasoners as they think themselves, out of the field clean."

No sooner said than done, and Jack was back again as if upon the wings of the wind. He rapped fiercely at the door, and called aloud for the two collegians.

"Halloo!" said he, "young Flatcaps, come down now, if you dare. Come down, if you dare, and I shall give you *oc-oc-ocular* demonstration of the truth of what I was saying."

Old Whaley put his head out of the window, and said, "Jack Mulligan, what brings you back so soon?"

"The fairies," shouted Jack; "the fairies!"

"I am afraid," muttered the Lord of Ballybegmullinahone, "the last glass you took was too little watered; but, no matter—come in and cool yourself over a tumbler of punch."

He came in and sat down again at table. In great spirits he told his story; how he had seen thousands and tens of thousands of fairies dancing about the old oak of Ballyghassig; he described their beautiful dresses of shining silver; their flat-crowned hats, glittering in the moonbeams; and the princely stature and demeanour of the central figure. He added, that he heard them singing, and playing the most enchanting music; but this was merely imagination. The young men laughed, but Jack held his ground.

"Suppose," said one of the lads, "we join company with you on the road, and ride along to the place, where you saw that fine company of fairies?"

"Done!" cried Jack; but I will not promise that you will find them there, for I saw them scudding up in the sky like a flight of bees, and heard their wings whizzing through the air." This, you know, was a bounce, for Jack had heard no such thing.

Off rode the three, and came to the demesne of Oakwood. They arrived at the wall flanking the field where stood the great oak; and the moon, by this time, having again emerged from the clouds, shone bright as when Jack had passed.

"Look there," he cried, exultingly; for the same spectacle again caught his eyes, and he pointed to it with his horsewhip; "look, and deny if you can."

"Why," said one of the lads, pausing, "true it is that we do see a company of white creatures; but were they fairies ten times over, I shall go among them;" and he dismounted to climb over the wall.

"Ah, Tom, Tom;" cried Jack, "stop, man, stop! what are you doing? The fairies—the good people, I mean—bate to be meddled with. You will be pinched or blinded; or your horse will cast its shoe; or—look! a wilful man will have his way. Oh! oh! he is almost at the oak—God help him! for he is past the help of man."

By this time Tom was under the tree and burst out laughing. "Jack," said he, "keep your prayers to your-

self. Your fairies are not bad at all. I believe they will make tolerably good catsup."

"Catsup!" said Jack who when he found that the two lads (for the second had followed his brother) were both laughing in the middle of the fairies, had dismounted and advanced slowly—"what do you mean by catsup?"

"Nothing," replied Tom, "but that they are mushrooms (as indeed they were); and your Oberon is merely this overgrown puff-ball."

Poor Mulligan gave a long whistle of amazement, staggered back to his horse without saying a word, and rode home in a hard gallop, never looking behind him. Many a long day was it before he ventured to face the laughers at Ballybegmullinahone; and to the day of his death the people of the parish, aye, and five parishes around, called him nothing but Musharoon Jack, such being their pronunciation of mushroom.

I should be sorry if all my fairy stories ended with so little dignity; but—

"These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air—into thin air."

LEGEND OF THE BANSHEE.

The Reverend Charles Bunworth was rector of Buttevant, in the county of Cork, about the middle of the last century. He was a man of unaffected piety and of sound learning; pure in heart, and benevolent in intention. By the rich he was respected, and by the poor beloved; nor did a difference of creed prevent their looking up to "the minister" (so was Mr. Bunworth called by them) in matters of difficulty and in seasons of distress, confident of receiving from him the advice and assistance that a father would afford to his children. He was the friend and the benefactor of the surrounding country—to him, from the neighbouring town of Newmarket, came both Curran and Yelverton for advice and instruction, previous to their entrance at Dublin College. Young, indigent, and inexperienced, these afterwards eminent men received from him, in addition to the advice they sought, pecuniary aid; and the brilliant career which was theirs, justified the discrimination of the giver.

But what extended the fame of Mr. Bunworth far beyond the limits of the parishes adjacent to his own, was his performance on the Irish harp, and his hospitable reception and entertainment of the poor harpers who travelled from house to house about the country. Grateful to their patron, these itinerant minstrels sang his praises to the tingling accompaniment of their harps, invoking in return for his bounty abundant blessings on his white head, and celebrating in their rude verses the blooming charms of his daughters, Elizabeth and Mary. It was all these poor fellows could do; but who can doubt that their gratitude was sincere, when, at the time of Mr. Bunworth's death, no less than fifteen harps were deposited on the loft of his granary, bequeathed to him by the last members of a race which has now ceased to exist. Trifling, no doubt, in intrinsic value were these relics, yet there is something in gifts of the heart that merits preservation; and it is to be regretted that, when he died, these harps were broken up one after the other, and used as firewood by an ignorant follower of the family, who, on their removal to Cork for a temporary change of scene, was left in charge of the house.

The circumstances attending the death of Mr. Bunworth may be doubted by some; but there are still living credible witnesses who declare their authenticity, and who can be produced to attest most, if not all of the following particulars.

About a week previous to his dissolution, and early in the evening, a noise was heard at the hall-door resembling the shearing of sheep; but at the time no particular attention was paid to it. It was nearly eleven o'clock the same night, when Kavanagh, the herdsman returned from Mallow, whither he had been sent in the afternoon for some medicine, and was observed by Miss Bunworth, to whom he delivered the parcel, to be much agitated. At this time, it must be observed, her father was by no means considered in danger.